



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

MAYBE IT WAS FUNNY, BUT
WE DON'T THINK SO

The Carmel Pine Cone and Young Joe Schominger, whom comment in the Daily Californian at Berkeley is registered in another column, appear to see eye to eye regarding the disgusting action of college students in our midst during Easter week.

They think it was funny.

We have always prided ourselves that Tim Crimack possesses an even more than adequate sense of humor, but we can't for the life of us see anything amusing in discourtesy, inconsideration of others, wantonness that must beggar description in a newspaper going through the mails, on the part of boys and girls who used our city to do things they wouldn't dream of doing in their college towns or anywhere near the communities in which they live.

If anything comes anywhere near matching the disgraceful incident itself it is such comment as this about it from the Pine Cone: "Joe College had his fun and the street department went down to the beach the next day and in about four hours cleaned it up, hauled off a truckload of empty beer cans and called the whole thing just a big party. Why make a national calamity out of the matter? Just clean up and start over, and next time we have a lot of people enjoying the beach to their own tastes, do the same again."

So the Pine Cone. Now read Councilman Bechdolt's report to the council, printed elsewhere in THE CYMBAL today.

Which shuffles us to the compelled announcement that Francis Lloyd, whose column, "Post and Precent," has been a weekly joy in THE CYMBAL, becomes this week news editor of the Pine Cone. We hope for his own self-respect he can do something with it. Somebody better, and soon. Frank is a distinct loss to THE CYMBAL. He should be, and will be if they let him, a distinct gain to the Pine Cone.

**LIQUOR AND CHIEF OF POLICE
AT ROOT OF OUR TROUBLES**

There are two roots to the evil which has befallen this city as a playground for those who come here to play indecently. One is the sale of liquor, the other is the police authority as represented by Robert Norton.

These are not startling facts. They are known and recognized by any level-headed resident of Carmel. The first is known and recognized and, when a frank and candid answer is forthcoming, admitted by those of us who occasionally enjoy our tap rooms as well as those who are conscientiously opposed to the sale of liquor.

The second is known and recognized by any resident of Carmel who has had anything at all to do with Bob Norton in his capacity as chief of our police department. We cannot have, we cannot get the proper and necessary exercise of police authority unless respect for that police authority can be commanded. Respect for himself as a man, as a good citizen, as an individual of unimpeachable honesty, as a man whose private life is far above reproach—Bob Norton can and does command that. But as chief of po-

(Continued on Page Two)

CARMEL CYMBAL

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6 CENTS

COUNCIL MOVES FOR ADOPTION OF ZONING LAW THAT WILL WORK

Maskewitz Guest Artist at Club Concert

The Monterey Musical Art Club will present a program Tuesday, May 3, at 8 p.m. in the lounge of Hotel Del Monte. Michel Maskewitz, a concert pianist of note, will be the guest artist on the program which is in charge of Leonard Abinante. Also on the program will be Fenton Foster's Glee Club whose soloist will be Hjalmar E. Berg.

The complete program is as follows:

"Winter Song," (Bullard); "Sylvia," (Speaks); "Hoo-dah-Day," (Bartholomew); "Kings of the Road," (Bevan); "When Twilight Comes, I'm Thinking of You"; "I Love Life," (Zucca); "Will You Remember," (Romberg)—Foster's Glee Club.

Negro Spirituale: "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen," (Smalle); "Deep River," (Burleigh); "Wait Till Ah Put on Mah Crown," (Kaddick)—Hjalmar E. Berg.

Piano Solos: Pastorale (Scriabin); Waltz (Chopin); Nocturne (Chopin); Etude (Scriabin)—Michel Maskewitz.

"Down by the Sea," (Penn); "I Dream of Jeanie," (Foster); Three Chanteys (Bartholomew); "Eight Bells," "Away to Rio," "Old Man Noah," (Frial)—Glee Club.

Alice Keith will be the accompanist.

Guests and friends of the club are cordially invited to attend. However, this will be the last meeting to which members are to be permitted to bring guests.

Merchandising Is Topic of Expert Here Tonight

Inaugurating the first of an interesting series of eight Friday discussion conferences on pertinent business topics, will be a talk by R. Earle Thompson on "Some Problems of Modern Merchandising" tonight at 8 o'clock at Pine Inn. Thompson is representing the State Department of Education in the Field of Distributive Trades.

The conferences are offered without cost to business owners and managers under the sponsorship of the Carmel Business Association. They are designed to be of vital interest to business leaders and offer 40 minutes of topic presentation by an outstanding guest leader followed by open discussion by the Conference group.

Other conferences planned for subsequent Fridays are "Local and State Taxes" by George Gould of Salinas on May 6; "Local Laws, Small Claims and Collections" by Capt. Shelburn Robison on May 13; "Present Conditions Relating to Banking and Small Business" by Andy Hughes of Salinas. Other topics in the series will be "Social Security," "Unemployment Insurance," "Credits" and "Advertising."

WAS IT YOU? Number 20

You were walking up Ocean avenue clinging to your mother's hand. You were very interested in the shop windows. At last you pulled your mother back and made her look, too. Then at Claribel Zuck's you pulled her back and made her look. Consequently, you took a long time coming up the street and we got a little tired waiting. You had something hanging out of your shoe, which, we gathered, was a shoelace and you tripped over it. You were wearing corduroy overalls, a red sweater, which matched your mother's hat, and a navy blue beret. Over all this was a polka dot rain cape. Your hair was quite long and very blonde and straight. You didn't go into the post office, but turned the corner and went down Mission street. When we last saw you, you had broken away from your mother and were running with wild abandon down the street waving your arms in the air.

If you were this person, bring this paper into the CYMBAL office and we will give you a shiny new dollar or whatever we have in the dollar line.

Dickey Laney, 6 years old and in the Sunset School kindergarten, walked in with mother to claim last week's dollar. Dickey came from San Francisco three years ago to live in Carmel.

"Three Men on a Horse" This Week-End

"Three Men on a Horse" is scheduled for this week-end at the Filmarthe Theatre as the final production of the Carmel Players for their winter series. It is a hilarious comedy that was proclaimed by critics as the best comedy that had played on Broadway for 20 years.

The young poet, whose ambition seems to be satisfied with the pay and glory of an obscure writer of greeting card verses and who suddenly finds himself in a whirlwind of adventure because of his uncanny ability to pick "the horses" will be played by Spud Gray. Audrey Trowbridge, the poet's wife, is played by Barbara Bare and her bullying brother is played by Dick Bare. By Ford plays the leader of the racetrack touts who kidnap the poet and he is supported by Del Page and Artie Lane. Geraldine Spreckels plays Mabel, By's gal friend. Others in the cast include Russell Agnes Shipley, Ivy Van Cott, Bill O'Donnell, Frank Hefling, Fred Meagher, Torrey Butler, Don Elias and Fred Hawes.

The first performance last night was played while THE CYMBAL was going to press, but it will be reviewed in next week's paper and from what I have seen of rehearsals the play looks like another hit.

CITY LOCK-UP DEEMED NECESSARY TO STOP RAMPAGES OF VISITORS: BECHDOLT MAKES SENSATIONAL REPORT ON DEPREDATIONS

WHAT THE COUNCIL DID MONDAY NIGHT:

- Adopted a new zoning ordinance with teeth in it.
- Adopted an ordinance to create a budget system for municipal affairs.
- Moved for a survey of Carmel's traffic problem.
- Moved for a survey of the Police Department.
- Moved to separate the office of Chief of Police and Tax Collector.
- Issued a warning to tap room owners against violations of the liquor-selling laws.
- Took definite steps to compel obedience of the laws by tourists and vacationists.
- Moved toward establishment of a city jail for law breakers, particularly for college students guilty of drunkenness and disorderly conduct.
- Gave unqualified approval to decision of Park and Playground Commission to keep Carmel beach completely in its natural state.
- Assured city employees of safety in present positions.
- Asked the human beings in neighborhood discussion with interested citizens about matters of community interest.

Carmel's new city council, with its head up, its voice strong and vibrant, its attitude one of frank and open communion with Carmel citizens on matters of public interest, did things at its meeting Monday night, and took definite and immediate steps toward the accomplishment of others.

It devoted more than half of its session to the matter of protecting the city against another disgraceful invasion such as that by boy and girl college students two weeks ago. It most emphatically went on record as determined that there shall not be a recurrence of such a ravage of our beach and of our city generally.

It pointed an unfaltering finger at the on-sale liquor establishments and, by direct word occasionally, by inference repeatedly, laid much of the blame at their door.

It accepted with alacrity and unanimous approval the report of Councilman Frederick R. Bechdolt, which outlined remedies, and moved to put into effect his recommendations, the most sensational, and, perhaps, the most effective, being the establishment of a real, honest-to-goodness jail which would give the police department something substantial in the way of punishment for offenders against the law.

It authorized Bechdolt, commissioner of police, to instruct the chief of police to issue warnings to the tap room owners, threatening city action against their licenses if the law were not more strictly adhered to.

It authorized Bechdolt to report at the next meeting, May 4, on the cost and manner of surveys of the police department, and of the traffic problem. This matter came up on the suggestion of E. A. H. Watson from the lobby, and was given

immediate consideration by the council as a move toward the solution of major problems.

Further to safeguard the city against undue inroads of regulated businesses, it passed to print on first reading and set a public hearing on a new zoning ordinance, amending out of existence the present zoning ordinance which City Attorney Hudson is convinced is illegal and ineffective. The new ordinance actually puts teeth into zoning laws of the city. It eliminates discrimination in that it places all restaurants, liquor or no liquor, in the category of regulated businesses, requiring special applications and special hearings.

More Power to People

While the new ordinance appears to place more power in the hands of the city council, it actually gives definite final power to the people in that any action of the council in the granting of a controversial license may be taken before the voters on a referendum.

As City Attorney Hudson explained, the responsibility is, and must be under the state law, in the hands of the city council and cannot be taken from it except by such referendum. The council, voting unanimously to adopt Hudson's new ordinance, did so with the conviction that instead of letting down bars on regulated business licenses, it actually put new and stronger ones up. In other words, it gives us a zoning law and heretofore we have not had one.

Following the reading of the ordinance by Seides Van Brower, city clerk, section by section, and interpolated explanations by Hudson, Mayor Herbert Heron turned to the city attorney:

"The council wishes to thank you for the arduous work you have done

(Continued on Page Eleven)

lice, with authority to compel obedience to the law, to limit or restrain the personal liberty of human beings—that respect he does not command.

He is, of course, not alone in his inability to do this. There are hundreds of fine citizens in Carmel, hundreds of men maintaining themselves on Bob's high level of good citizenship who would fail as he has failed. This is no criticism of him as a man or as a citizen. It is a plain and incontrovertible statement of the fact that he is not, and never has been a good chief of police. It is a plain and incontrovertible statement of the fact that to his failure as such must be credited a large percentage of the open and arrogant violations of the law which we have witnessed on the part of visitors to our city during the past month.

Bob Norton never should have been appointed chief of police of Carmel. THE CYMBAL said so three years ago when he was appointed. We know Bob Norton; we have known Bob Norton many years. We knew then he would not make an efficient chief of police. We knew then that he was being given a job that, as a member of the city council at the time, he had the inside track in acquiring. We knew it was a job which a man of Bob Norton's disposition and imagination would enjoy. But we also knew, as has been so definitely proved, that the qualifications which made Bob a likable individual, were not, by their very nature, the qualifications which would make him a good chief of police.

Bob Norton takes his job seriously, but above all, he takes it romantically. He likes to talk about it. He likes to play with it. He likes to show people his new handcuffs and how to use them. He likes to demonstrate how quickly he can draw his gun. He likes to tell you how he handled trouble with a bunch of the boys; what he said to an indiscreet drinker. He likes to show pictures he has taken of suicides and accidents.

There are perhaps places in which these things might be appropriate, but Bob doesn't pick the right places. He picks beer parlors and tap rooms. He gives hard-boiled patrons of these places the impression that he is a little boy with toys and they give him the applause and smiling response, and feigned awe you would give a little boy who is performing to amaze you. But they do not respect his authority and they, as well as our obnoxious visitors, manifest that disrespect on many occasions, occasions that contribute to our problems and augment them.

This matter of a chief of police should be one of the early considerations of our new city council. We believe that they should import a man from the outside; a man schooled in police work, trained for it, and temperamentally fitted for it; a man whose word is law and whose every action in public would compel respect for that word and his authority to enforce it.

We wouldn't want to be chief of police; we wouldn't want to have the qualifications that make a good chief of police. But if Carmel acts speedily to get a man with those qualifications, a big part of our problem will be solved.

As for the sale of liquor, there is no sense wasting space on any argument about it. It never should have been permitted in Carmel. Granting of the first license to sell liquor, either in package form or by the drink, killed something that had made Carmel a most desirable place in which to live, destroyed something that had previously made this city a place attractive to the kind of

HERE IS COUNCILMAN BECHDOLT'S REPORT ON RECENT OUTRAGE AND RECOMMENDATIONS FOR ACTION BY THE CITY TO PROTECT ITSELF

(Here is the report of Frederick R. Bechdolt, commissioner of police, to the City Council on his investigation of the disgraceful happenings of Easter week. It speaks right out. There is no mincing of words here. Bechdolt uses terms that describe what he discovered. It's the kind of report that would be made by a member of the kind of council we have now. Read it, and then make up your mind whether Carmel should do something about it or not.—Ed.)

To the Honorable City Council:

In compliance with a motion passed at the last meeting of the City Council, the undersigned begs to report the following findings and recommendations concerning violation of the statutes and ordinances on the city streets and on the beach:

The conditions which prevailed last Easter week arose largely from the presence of many transient visitors. The majority of these offenders were university students on vacation. There were, however, several cases of business and professional men from this and other communities who wantonly violated the laws.

The offenses included: Drunkenness in public places, lewd and offensive conduct on the streets and in other public places; violations of the laws by tap rooms where liquor was sold to intoxicated individuals; liquor drinking on Ocean Avenue sidewalks and in cars in front of tap rooms; indescribable pollution of building patios on Ocean Avenue; drunkenness, disorderly conduct, lewd conduct and wanton strewing of rubbish on the beach.

No arrests were made by the police although efforts to check offenses by other means such as reasoning with the offenders were frequent.

I have contacted the chief of police, the city judge, the chairman of the park commission, the Carmel real estate dealers, the president of the Carmel Business Association and numerous citizens. All of these have promised cooperation on any practical clean-up campaign. The chief of police informs me that he has written to the dean of men and the dean of women at the University of California, informing them what took place and asking their cooperation in efforts to prevent its recurrence.

Before going on to recommendations I ask you to note the following facts:

The police department consists of four officers. These men work on a six-day a week basis; eight hours a day. This gives us one man on duty at all times for three days a week and two men on duty during parts of four days a week. As to whether such a force is sufficient or too great in power, the undersigned would like to make further investigation before reporting definitely.

An officer making an arrest must take his prisoner to Monterey for booking. Such a trip consumes at least 45 minutes, sometimes more. Had any officer made several arrests during his hours on duty last Easter week, he would have been absent from the city for a considerable period in the aggregate. This condition is not advisable.

The police department has the duty of regulating traffic. With the present bad traffic conditions in the business district, this task takes time and effort which should be devoted to safeguarding property and persons, especially during week-ends and holidays when such safeguards are badly needed.

My recommendations are:

First, that the City Council immediately look into the question of a suitable place for housing prisoners within the city limits and, if securing such a place is possible, that it be accomplished before the beginning of the summer vacation.

Second, that the City Council immediately look into the traffic problem and speedily take all possible steps to solve it.

Third, that the City Council take steps to find out whether it is necessary to hire an additional officer to patrol the beach during the summer, or whether this duty can be performed by one of the present police

people we would like to have come and make their permanent homes here. There is no gainsaying that, either by those of us who like to drink or those of us who are against drinking.

We do not mean that persons who do like to drink are all undesirable citizens. That is silly. But we do mean that many who do like to drink and who know how to drink, and who are desirable citizens, are turned away from Carmel because liquor is sold here. We do not need it here, even for those who like it. Monterey is close enough. Your telephone is close enough. If at the three highway entrances to Carmel there were signs reading: "Carmel. No liquor sold," we

would lose some undesirables but we wouldn't turn one desirable away.

Of course, we know that 20 or 30 families in Carmel are made better off economically through the sale of liquor here, but we know, too, that they profit to the loss of hundreds of other families, to scores of other merchants.

It was a grave mistake, that first liquor license. We can prevent further damage, perhaps, by calling a halt now, but it may be necessary, to forestall further disaster, to dig back and dig out some of the roots of this one big menace to our prosperity and our safety as a community.

—W. K. B.

force, and that the City Council provide such police protection to the beach before Memorial Day.

Fourth, that the City Council instruct the chief of police to enforce existing statutes and ordinances strictly, and particularly to enforce the laws regarding sale of liquor to minors and to drunken persons with greater vigor.

Fifth, that the City Council receive and act on such reports regarding the beach situation as the chairman of the Park and Playground commission will make.

I wish to state that this report is in no wise to be considered as an all-inclusive survey on the police department, and that I intend to conduct such a survey as speedily as possible, in order that I may be able to furnish findings and recommendations as to personnel and efficiency.

Respectfully submitted,
FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT, Commissioner of Police

Sunset School Art Display Astonishing

When I came out of Sunset School on Tuesday night after seeing the work of pupils there, I was a completely harassed news reporter because I knew it would be practically impossible to do justice to the fine work I had seen—and I'm still harassed. There was nothing particularly outstanding because everything was outstanding. The only criticism I have to offer is that there was so much to see that I missed many things.

In the fifth and sixth grade room I found miniature log cabins, and covered wagons and paintings and little scenes in miniature and Oliver Bonnett's *The Inky Fifth*, class paper, which was very good and naturally particularly interesting to me. Oliver told me there was one mistake in it, but I looked and looked and couldn't find it.

In the seventh and eighth grade room I found a model airport and a model dam and a small stage with costumed figures in it. I found a fine painting done by several children and many scrap books which made me wish I had time to stop and look at them.

Other rooms were full of good things, too, but by that time my head was beginning to whirl and there was still the art exhibit down stairs to see.

I think the art exhibit overcame most people. I know that Paul Whitman was stunned. The things put to shame some of the canvases hanging in art galleries. There were some fine oils, watercolors, crayons and charcoal and there was woodwork and pottery work.

Anna Marie Baer and Ernest Calley deserve a great deal of credit for this exhibit as do the rest of Sunset's teachers and the students who are doing such interesting and fine thing.

—S. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles White from Alameda are spending a week at the Normandy Apartments. The Whites, who come every year, are well known in Carmel.

Carmel friends of the Anna Head School in Berkeley will be interested to know that Miss Mary E. Wilson has announced Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hyde of Jacksonville, Florida, as her successors to carry on the school. Miss Wilson, who will retire this June when the school observes its golden jubilee during the commencement week, has been head of the school for 29 years. She succeeded as principal, the founder, Miss Anna Head, who directed the school for 21 years.



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League Plans for Most Seductive Session

At the home of Kay Curtis (Mrs. Guy Curtis of Monterey) next Tuesday, May 3, the Government and Foreign Policy section of the League of Women Voters will meet in an all-day session. You go at 10:30 in the morning and take your lunch and Kay serves you coffee. Do you know that gal, Kay? If you do you're a Mrs. Guy-Curtis-Fan like me. And do you know Mrs. Howard Clark, who's head of this section? She's a very nice lady, too. And do you know that big easy living-room at the Curtis's? Because that is certainly a pleasant place to sit around and chat about the International Situation.

The Curtis place is at 120 Carmelita street, Monterey. If you're going in from Carmel you go straight down the hill as if you were going to San Francisco and just before you come to the second left-turn into Monterey, you will see a vacant lot and maybe the Curtis goats. So you turn left and right there is a low dark red house just the color of my grandfather's house in the Mink Hills where I was born.

There will be a lot of other pleasant people besides Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Clark there and the talk will be exceedingly to the point. —L. S.

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V. D. GRAHAM CANDIDATE FOR SCHOOL TRUSTEE

Victor D. Graham, owner of the Village Five and Ten, has announced himself as candidate for member of the board of trustees of the Sunset School district. The term of A. G. E. Hanke expires this year and the election for his successor will be held June 3.

Spring Edition of 'Sunset Glow' Shows Poetic Genius of Our Children

The Spring edition of *Sunset Glow*, edited by the children of Sunset School, has come to our desk and leaves us rather breathless with the wealth of clever things contained in it. From the very good cover drawing by Cornelia Bell to the last poem by Beverly Douglas it sets a pace for the rest of us to try to keep up with. Our laurels look a trifle worse for wear and we find our cleverness waxes thin by comparison.

Most of the poems are illustrated, the list of artists being Ann Pierce, Sandy Burhans, Howard Lockwood, Cornelia Bell, John Todd, Dick Mack, Frances Walters, Margery Street, La Verne DeAmaral, Joan Newman, Henrietta Erickson, Zaida Van Zandt, Dorothy Nixon and Patty Ryland. We feel totally inadequate to do any more about them than to tell you you must see and read them.

At random we have picked out a few:

*The rain is a fairy,
So dainty, so sweet,
She cleanses the flowers
So gently, so neat.*

*She comes in the winter
When everything's cold.
She stays a long time,
And never grows old.*

—PATTY RYLAND, 8th Grade.

And this small bit by a young man named Stephen Brooks in the second grade—

*I heard a frog say Croak, croak,
croak.*

As though he knew a funny joke.

Small Barbara Timmins in the fourth grade has something to say about rain—

I like to hear the rain

Go pitter patter on the window pane,

*And then I go and take a book
And sit me down in a quiet nook,
And read it while I hear the rain
Pitter patter on the window pane.*

And then the fifth grade undertook to handle the pioneer question. Betty Smith has all interesting bit on the subject—

*The pioneers in days of old
Came to California to get some gold.*

*Across the mountains and plains
they came,
And now the country is not the same.*

A hint by Barbara Bodley of the sixth grade does not come amiss at this time of year—

*Springtime is almost here!
Wild flowers growing far and near,
Buttercups so very pretty,
Pussy willows as soft as kitty.*

*Do not pick these lovely flowers,
Leave them on the ground.
They will cheer the lonely hours,
Of people all around.*

*God made these flowers for every-
one,*

*For people big and small.
He made them for the sick and poor,
He made them for us all.*

And a plaint from harassed Suzanne Watson, also in the sixth grade—

*There is a frog outside our house,
We wish he'd go away.
He never will be quiet,
But croaks all night and day.*

*We've never found out where he
lived,
Though we've hunted all around.*

*We've come to the conclusion
That his home is in the ground.*

*We would forgive this naughty
frog*

*If he would try to be
just a little bit quieter.
Don't you all agree?*

We are almost represented in this edition. Anyway we have some kind of claim to being a relative because our Libby is mother of a part of it.

*As I sat down under the apple tree
A sweet little robin sang to me,
"Chirpity, chirpity, chee, chee, chee."
His voice was so sweet and the tone
was so grand
I thought I was in the singing land.
I looked around to the grass so green,
And the robin told me she was the queen.*

—DIANE LEY, 4th Grade.

It is a fine, well worked out book. All the teachers and pupils should be very proud of it. We are.

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Sunset Program Fine Offering

We were glad we went to the program at Sunset School Tuesday night, and can't believe there was a person in the audience who wasn't delighted with it. It was a school project and no one individual stood out, which is unusual for anything of that kind, and we liked it.

First on the program was the orchestra which played *Romance*, *Minuet* and *Reverie*. This was followed by the verse choir's presentations of *Elephant's Song*, *The Bells* and *The Congo*. Sixteen children danced the English folk dance *Selinger's Round* and the Swedish, *Gustav's Skos*. The Boys' Chorus sang *Highways* and *Byways*, *The Ship of Rio* and *California Lullaby*

and as an encore, *Home on the Range*. The A Cappella choir concluded the program with *Happy River*, *The Little Red Lark*, *Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair* and *'Tis Humdrum*.

Madeline Currey was the musical director and Frances Cottle Johnson was director of the verse choir. —S. F.

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Kitty Whitman's Big Idea Now Snowballish

It would be interesting to know just how many persons now find the idea occurring to them, "Why didn't I think of the Carmel Art Institute?"

There hasn't been a more successful idea germinate and thrive around here in years. Everybody unanimously agrees with everybody else that the Institute was exactly what Carmel wanted, but which nobody did anything about until the idea began to grow and flourish in the agile mind of Kit Whitman.

All the classes have been enthusiastically welcomed. The attendance has been near the bursting point. The oil painting group under Armin Hansen keeps enlarging every day. Requests for new classes come to Kitty's very large and long desk continually. Salinas wants her to come over there and organize a class to meet once a week. She's thinking of doing it.

In the meantime she has just finished arrangements for the class in outdoor sketching which Burton Boundey will have.

Last Thursday, at the meeting held to form this class, Mr. Boundey was chosen by majority vote of those who attended. He has behind him a most appreciative following because of his excellent work on the Peninsula for some time past. This class will start today at 2 o'clock. Simply be at the Institute at 2 with oil, watercolor, pencils, charcoal, or any medium which appeals to you, and some paper. The class meets each Friday.

May 10 the watercolor class will start with Paul Whitman, whose vigorous one-man show at Del Monte was received with much pleasure. This class will meet twice a week.

The children's class will be on Saturdays but Kitty simply has not had time to put the finishing touches on this group yet. If you are interested in enrolling your children, better see her soon.

Interest has been shown in the art of making masks. That class will probably be the next to start. Harry L. Perkins will take it.

And so it goes, on and on. Perhaps there will be a petition for a class in lei-stringing. —K. W.

THESE BIRDS PICK FITTING PLACE FOR SPRING BROOD

With birds making their nests on Ocean avenue, Carmel is sure of spring. But the bird who deoured to Lincoln street and convinced his mate that their nest belonged in the eaves of the outdoor shelves of the Village Book Shop, just above the book, "The Restless Robin," really knows his nesting.

THIS THING AND THAT

FRIENDS FOR THE AFTERNOON . . .

Many trees stand together in the undulating hollow at the crest of the road.

They do not stand in formation; yet they are near and friendly, and each takes to himself a part of the wind's buffeting which would otherwise fall upon his fellows.

Doves fly rapidly among the tops of the trees, skirting and dipping swiftly through their gracious green skyline. They swirl hurriedly, plummeting their bodies against the blue spring sky as though most urgent business were a-wing, yet in the next pulse of the cicada's drumming they curve back again—remembering, to be sure, that it is all in play.

I like these doves, I said to Bernhardt, better than aeroplanes.

With a magnificent sweep of his tail, Bernhardt answered me, and by a single side-swiping lap from his great lolling tongue.

No appointment had we—a mere chance congruity of purpose had brought us together for the afternoon, he and I both loving the pine needles and the very tall trees and the pungent scents that rise from a forest-mattress where one may stretch oneself indolently and unobserved—thus in idleness to accomplish much.

Bernhardt, it is true, was not idle.

Not for a nostril's quiver; not for the minute span of Einsteinian time required by the crab-spider to haul himself up over the tremendous barrier of three crossed dead brown pine needles . . . Bernhardt leaped and stalked and bounded; over the small-appled manzanita shrub where a tempting moment before, the blue-jay stood; like a winged canine he hurdled the grey stump over which the lying poison-oak trailed her beguiling red . . . Bernhardt, too, was full of a mighty speed as though great deeds were to be accomplished—and he, too, returned always over the crackling leaves and needles, back to whence he came . . . I am glad you are still here, he would say, flourishing the tail, and looking an instant intently into my face.

I laughed at Bernhardt.

You are a very funny fellow, Bernhardt, I said.

Here you have really nothing to do, yet you go bounding about as though your goings and your comings were full of matter—you are not hunting woodpeckers at all; you are hunting fun . . .

I like you, Bernhardt, I said; you, and the doves, and the trees.

I do not like me very well; but, oh, it is excellent company I keep!

SOMETIME

Darling, you're near; yet far, far—
Farther away than the farthest star.

Be near to me as a thought unaid—
As a child unborn and unsevered—

Not apart, not apart—
Closer, more near, than my frightened heart.

Let me be to thee as the grass to the wind—
Awaiting thy breath, to rustle and bend.

Let me lie content, as the sand by the sea—
Washed over, made gleaming and whole by thee.

Let me garner strength
From thy mighty ocean—at length, at length.

—EDITH FAIRBANKS

LILTS FROM LILICO

While glowering at a bowl of clam chowder at Victor's on the Monterey Wharf yesterday I saw a group of Pelicans on the rocks below nipping their wet feathers with long, scissory beaks. Another bird came paddling slowly in towards the rocks looking very much like an approaching gondola. Suddenly a neighboring seagull sighted half of a dismembered fish. Seagull dived several times until finally he emerged with the huge frame of pink fish surrounded by bone which held it together. Immediately all the seagull population of Monterey Bay had come to life and long beaks flew in anticipation of the fish body. Then Pelican dropped his feathers. A fight followed and naturally Pelican won, but gulls remained to nip the fish from the larger bird's beak

whenever possible. Another pelican approached, and finally Pelican No. 1 decided that swallowing the fish body would remove the desire of the surrounding bird life, so he began the painful process. When the fish arrived in Pelican's throat and he could not manage to hurry the process of swallowing it, he rattled his tail to give his body jolt, thereby bouncing fish a little further stomach-wards. It was amazing and we found ourselves trying to swallow crackers in the same way. When fish fitted about in Pelican's throat, which resembles a bathing cap or a balloon, he made one think of a person in a sleeping bag who had found an insect crawling near his feet and was trying to catch it. Fish flew about in Pelican's throat in just that hysterical manner. A

few minutes later the fish body was gone and so we left, feeling quite choked.

In a letter from Hollywood the other day, a bewildered young man mentioned that he had gone to a theatre one evening and when he came out and climbed in his car afterwards, he discovered that his windshield had been stolen. Saddened by the fact that he could not afford to buy another one for some time, he wrote, "I have to drive the car around Hollywood with a forty-mile gale blowing in my puss and now no dish in town will ride with me."

You may be amazed to know that if you walk around an owl (if you find one), the owl will keep turning its head to watch you and eventually it will screw its head off!

If you see Walt coming from the Post Office with a package under his arm, go into the Dairy and order something. Monday morning he came in with a new machine that makes onion, carrot, pineapple and all those strange things that one does not expect to be made juice of! The machine has a propeller on it and if you can plan to be there on the mornings when Walt receives his new equipment, you may get one of the delicious results just as a try-out. The pineapple made me want to spend the day drinking and it looks just as you feel when you receive a check from some place!

—ADRIENNE LILICO

Marien Sutro will return to Carmel this week-end after a week in San Francisco visiting her aunt.

June Rose is spending a week in Pasadena with friends.

DAISY BOSTICK HAS PLAN TO CURB MALEFACTORS

Daisy Bostick has an idea for the proper chastisement of malefactors within our borders. She wants a whipping post and stocks out by the drinking fountain in the middle of Ocean avenue and San Carlos. It looks like a sadistic idea on Daisy's part; not so much her desire to solve our problems—from her desk in Bostick & Wood she would have a grandstand seat for watching such suggested operations.

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CLANGING CYMBALS



This morning Mary's accessible tears were even as the rain in these Spring nights in Carmel. Her brown face chalked. Her black hair had got a sort of mawkish look, as if it had started to turn white overnight and didn't know whether to go on with such a silly notion or not.

Myself, I was occupied with affairs and did not take up the challenge at once. As often as not it is only Johnnie's cold in the head, or one of that old faller's women. So I went on adding up bills, feeling slightly injured myself. But moment by moment the tension in the house mounted. The dishwashing slowed up until it was hitting on no more than one cylinder and that grudgingly. Nearer and nearer the closet door behind her, approached Mary's hintermost as she leaned her elbows on the edge of the sink and dourly contemplated my Village Five and Ten china. Finally, she put a dish back into the dishwasher and sat down to a cup of coffee, calamitously. Her chin went out little by little; her mouth pulled up into a malignant threat; her small black eyes, never quite in focus, fixed cross-eyedly on the neighborhood of the hot water spigot.

She had won. As usual. "What is the matter, Mary?" "Awk, if ain't wan thing is awther."

"What now?" "This is my bawther. Mistress of suspense and a certain obliquity, she stopped short. "I didn't know you had a brother."

"No more I ain't got. He is... dead."

By this time, Mary has left the kitchen and stands in the middle of the living room floor, weaving her head back and forth like a polar bear and beating her thighs with her palms. Neither looking at you at all but communing directly with dolor. "Is my on'y bawther. Now is dead. Now I all lone. My mawther he is have thirt—no, I guess fourteen—children. But is all dead now on'y for me. Awkhh, I not see this bawther long time now. I like go there."

"But you don't need to work today, Mary. Of course, you must go where your brother is. If it isn't too far I'll take you."

"Hmhm! In Mexico this is. Gosh, is tan, I guess is more as tan year I have not see her. He is not dare come back here to Carmel, poor faller."

"Not dare? What do you mean?"

"Planty trawble. That womans he is married with, that Maria. Planty trawble, I tell you. My bawther she is married with him but he is bad womans, I tell you."

"What was it she did?" Like the fine bred animal she is, Mary can't be driven, but she requires a gentle tug at the bit now and then.

"Oh, she do planty, that womans."

Dame Mary, that actress, has me now. She knows it. She turns away and saunters toward the dishpan.

"Here, Mary. Have a cigarette... a little glass o' wine, maybe," I wheedle. "Of course you don't feel like working with your brother just dead. Now sit down."

Mary sits gazing reflectively into her cherry: I perforce waiting.

"This Maria, she is live down by Carmel River, by Joe artichoke place. My bawther, he is too good faller marry this womans. I taal him so but he is crazy for her ina da head, you know like some fallers they crazy for bad womans. My bawther he is big fool on'y he is got good heart like my mawther he is teach us children. He ain't think any fanny thing for that Charlie Escobar hang around all time. He say Charlie is good fran'. Awkhh. Damfool!"

"Well, wan night is this way. Maria he is pretty drunk. My bawther he is over there by this bitch for get some driftwood for fire and this Charlie Escobar, he is go bother Maria in cabin. Maria she is tired on him a little and she get mad and they go for big fight. Maria's little girl, she see all this and after she tell it. When this Charlie Escobar he is go to hit Maria she is take that axe—is double-edge axe—out of corner and she take a piece outer that faller's leg, just like she is cut down tree."

"Well, she think this very fanny and she take anawther drink that red wine and she see is same color like blood. She laff and laff."

Mary rolls a bit of sherry on her tongue and snickers.

"By golly, that faller he get planty mad I tell you and he go for her quick. But Maria she is little too fast an' she hit him wance more a little harder then and he go down on floor. Now he is madder as I don't know what, and Maria she is drunk an' she laff and laff. She put her glass down on floor and scoop up little that faller's blood and she mix in little wine then she lift this up and drink it and laff in his face. She say, This is fine drink, Charlie Escobar."

"I can tell you that faller she is planty mad now and he get up and put his hand for his gun. When he do this Maria she chop down planty hard."

"Too damn hard."

"Well she laff again and she say, Come on Charlie Escobar, you will keel Maria yes and she look at this red blood and her little girl she say her mawther she laff till she cry. But Charlie Escobar he stay pretty still now and then she see he is already dead."

"Alla sudden I guess she feel pretty sober. She run quick for get my bawther."

Mary remembers her dead brother in Mexico. She salts her wine with a liquid salt, sipping it casually. I have put mine a little squeamishly to one side.

"So he ran away to Mexico?"

"No... he is good fallar that bawther. He fix everthing up for that womans."

"How on earth did he fix up a thing like that?"

"Well, they quick hide this Charlie Escobar in the shed under this pile of driftwood. So when it come dark they build big fire and they take this Charlie Escobar and cut him up like sticks of wood. Well, they put first some drift-

wood on the fire and then some pieces Charlie Escobar, like a kind of sangwich fire and then on top they put whole lot coal oil.

"Well, this is make good warm fire and is pretty fine night. So they set by this fire and they think all the trawble is over I guess. They drink little more wine and pretty soon they be sleepy and they go into da house and they laff an' laff all together in bed."

"Then why did your brother have to run to Mexico?"

"Awkhh. They pretty quick find this out. Wan girl from down the coast, she is on her way home from Monterey this night and when she come across Carmel River she see this fire he is not go out yet. She think she will get herself warm maybe, and put this fire out. Well, when she get down offa horse, she stumble on some thing. This is that faller's two leg. He is all burn up but his two leg is stick out of fire."

"Awkhh, is fool, my bawther. Now is dead. They put him in jail for little while, but is not his fault. Is that womans Maria. Then he go Mexico. Now is dead, poor faller."

"Awkhh, if ain't wan thing... Now me I am on'y wan left. If is no difference, I go home now. I ain't feel so good, my bawther dead an' all. Maybe you got fifty cents, maybe two bits, is no difference."

Toward evening I am sauntering up Ocean avenue when I see in the dusk, Mary emerge from a grocer's with a half-gallon bulge under one arm. "I think it not unfitting that she should wake this bawther in the slightly salted red wine of California."

—LYNDA SARGENT

Menu at Sunset Next Week

May 2 to 6

Monday: Pineapple salad, cream of spinach soup, buttered rice, peas, ice cream.

Tuesday: Sunset salad, split pea soup, tagliarini, artichokes, fruit cup.

Wednesday: Waldorf salad, vegetable soup, candied sweet potatoes, carrots, ice cream.

Thursday: Blushing pear salad, noodle soup, beef stew, corn, cream puffs.

Friday: Vegetable salad, tomato bouillon, escalloped potatoes, spinach, ice cream.

If you know something you think The Cymbal ought to know, telephone Carmel 77 and tell us.



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GREEN LANTERN NOW HAS NEW MANAGERS

The Green Lantern at Seventh and Casanova will be turned over on May 1 to its new resident managers, Ray and Rene Moore, Carmel people well-liked and well-known. The Billingers, who have made their unique and interesting corner one of typical Carmel hospitality for several years now, have moved into a spicy new knotty pine cottage next door. Mr. and Mrs. Billinger will remain owners and managers of the Green Lantern, but have delegated to Mr. and Mrs. Moore the business end of things and the host and hostess job... which is plenty in a popular place like theirs.

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"The wittles is up!"



I have an apology to make—to Miss Griffin of the Village Book Shop for calling her pleasant kingdom by its old name, the Seven Arts. It has been that to me for so many years that I just forgot it had acquired a new name along with its new owner. But it's right there in the Seven Arts building in the same room where the old CYMBAL used to have its weekly struggle for existence. You'd never recognize it, of course, for now it is so clean and bright with new shelves and paint and a beautifully arranged stock of gaily-jacketed volumes that I am sure there isn't a dusty corner in the place, much less a smudge of printer's ink or a stray splash of linotype metal. . . . Which brings me to "10 Herbs Will Make a Kitchen Bouquet." Last week I said I would tell you about this little companion volume to the herb garden booklet. It contains a colorful assortment of recipes most of them calling for the use of herbs and ranging from chili con carne, chowmein and sukiyaki to corned beef hash (de luxe) with a characteristic sub-title by the enthusiastic Miss Lyman: "Why Men Come Home!" It isn't a big book but every recipe in it is practical and worth adding to your collection. . . .

In my youth—

I can't remember just what started one of our steamed clam feasts. Was it dictated by a sudden watering of the mouth which reminded us we hadn't had clams for a space? Or was it set in motion by the need in our restless youthful exuberance to fill a few hours with the fun of clam digging? As I look back over the years and find that the memory of the digging is as redolent of joy as the memory of eating those tender, hot succulent dainties that resulted from it I cannot decide which constituted the greater pleasure, or motivated the feast days. There were, however, two circumstances which had some bearing on our activities. The tide must be low in the morning and the day must not be a scorcher. Because digging clams was good hard, back-breaking work and it was not done under the shade of any trees either. When the sun was of the broiling variety we sat more or less quietly about under the protection of piazza roofs and waited until we were allowed to go in bathing! But for clam-digging the ideal time at Plum Island was a northwest wind day when the cool breeze swept away all trace of humidity and the atmosphere was so clear we could view in sharp detail and bright colors the houses and church spires among the trees of Newburyport three miles away across the marshes. On such a day we could see toward the northwest, still farther up the Merrimac River, the little hump of Po Hill in Whittier's town of Amesbury and northeast, two states away in old Maine, another blue hump which we recognized as Mount Agamenticus. On such a day also we gazed across the deep blue of the ocean to where, right on the horizon, floated those lonely mysterious little bits of land ten miles out from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the Isles of Shoals. On

clear nights in summer the last thing we looked at before going to bed drugged with sunshine and air and strenuous play was the familiar light twinkling steadily but somehow gaily at us across the miles of dark restless sea.

It may not always have been a northwest wind day when the clamming urge seized us but that would have been the ideal day. Having decided upon the business and received maternal permission we first got into our bathing suits. Those bathing suits! With their ridiculous little puff sleeves, sailor collars, knee-length bloomers and full shirts that buttoned on separately we were more thoroughly covered than little girls of today on their way to Sunday School! But we felt deliciously free in the change from underwear and gingham dresses with long sleeves and high necks, I can well remember. And out we raced to the dusty woodshed across the splintery piazza boards, warm to our bare feet in the summer sun, to gather our tools, a market basket and a murderous, long-pronged rake called by us a clam-digger. It was supposed to be a law of the Medes and Persians that clam-diggers must always be left with the sharp points down. In spite of this unwritten law I shudder to think of the number of bare feet that have stepped onto those murderous iron spikes in the history of New England clam culture! In our family alone there were two painful accidents of this nature. . . .

Then off we started. We hadn't far to go in those days for the happy hunting grounds were the flats of a salt water inlet known as the Basin only about a hundred feet behind our cottage. Plum Island, I must explain (I'm sorry if this bores you but anyhow one of us is enjoying herself!), is a narrow stretch of yellow sand nine miles long hugging close to the shore, and separated from the mainland, in fact, only by a little winding creek-like river meandering through the black mud of the marshes. The bridge which crosses it has seen a changing pageant of transportation history. Very vaguely I remember in my extreme youth the slow progress of the lumbering horsecars but very vividly the blood running down the sweaty sides of the horses where those vampires of the salt marshes, the vicious greenheads and the gaddies, bit them in spite of the driver's busy whip. Then came the trolleys—but I'm getting away from my story entirely. Most of Plum Island's nine miles was an uninhabited waste of sand dunes but the northern end, where the Basin came in from the mouth of the Merrimac River, was dotted with summer cottages, widely spaced in those days, and boasted a lighthouse and a life saving station. This Basin was our great point of superiority over other nearby beaches. At high tide it was a wonderful playground for safe and simple sports, sailing, rowing, fishing and swimming. At low tide the water mysteriously withdrew, leaving a small deep core in the very middle surrounded by wide borders of ribbon eel grass rooted in the thick black mud and with irregular patches of the tall coarse

beach grass nearer shore. It was a fascinating place at any time, never more so than at low tide, when little rivulets of clean cold water wound down the gentle slope of the uncovered sandy bottom to lose themselves in the eelgrass, and if you knew where to look for them you could find among the tall grass hidden ponds full of darting minnows. Mostly the clams were under the surface layer of brown sand, snugly bedded in the mud. As you walked along looking for little holes to guide you a sudden squirt of water up your bare leg would apprise you of the existence of your prey. You had to dig pretty carefully because it was only too easy to smash the thin clam shells with your heavy rake and much of the work was done by digging about with your hands and toes in the rich ooze where clams thrive. By the time we had a basket full our legs were coated with a substance that was more like axle grease than anything else I can think of, but it was charcoal black! And it was a rare occasion when one of the bunch did not go limping home with a cut from a sharp clam or razor shell!

We washed the mud from the clams by standing the baskets in the little running streams and letting the clean water go through and through them. Then we toiled back across the sand to the cottage and having proudly presented the results of our labor we felt we had earned complete exemption from any further responsibility whatsoever. Our mother and Hannah Twomey (or whoever was the Hannah Twomey of the moment) did the rest. When next we saw those clams we were seated out on the back piazza around a big wooden table in the center of which stood a huge kettle full of steamed and steaming clams. Boy, does my mouth water when I remember those clams! We had soup plates piled high with them, a little dish of melted butter on one side and a

cup of hot clam broth on the other—and we didn't stop opening clams, digging out the contents, holding each one by the little black rubber neck, dipping it first in the clam broth to wash off any possible lingering kernel of sand, then into the butter and then, with a backward tilt of the head, flipping the clam into the waiting mouth where one nip of sharp teeth took off the tender morsel—we didn't stop until every last one had been eaten! I have lots of other clam memories—of clam bakes, or steamed clams eaten as part of unforgettable shore dinners in various corners of the New England coast, of hot savory clam chowder and, more recently, of fried clams bought at roadside stands along the highways—but I think my favorite memory will always be those summer days when the mud squished up through our toes and we worked harder than our parents would ever think of asking us to work at anything else.

Yes, of course, it was those Ipswich clams being sent out to Ohio for a clam bake that brought all this back to me. I thought some of having a batch of clams brought here by airplane but I've decided against it. When I eat my next real steamed clams I want to have the salt breath of the Atlantic Ocean in my nostrils. . . .

—CONSTANT EATER

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HOTEL DEL MONTE

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Miscan Fraser is ten years old today!

The captivating little Yorkshire with the pink bow is one of Carmel's best known and best-beloved canine citizens. Miscan has friends from far and wide who come to call on her.

It was in 1928 that Miscan came here to live with her mistress, Mrs. Alfred Parker Fraser, and was introduced to Carmel by Janie Johnston Otto in this little article in the Pine Cone:

"Down at Fraser Looma, receiving callers from a basket lined with homespun, is a new Carmelite. She is 'Miscan,' a Yorkshire and an aristocrat.

"Her eyes and button nose all match—they're all three black and round and shiny. Her hair is black, tan and chocolate brown, and is spun silk. She stands with her little front paws together—high up on her tippity toe.

"Miscan' is six months old. Until she came to Carmel she had never felt a wind blow against her sensitive nose, and hadn't the slightest idea of what it was to have to blink at the sunshine. She had never been very cold or very hot, and didn't know the delicious feel of the ground, or the nice smell of it.

"She had been raised in a kennel designed for little things such as she—designed to keep her small, but happy.

"Then she came to Carmel, and she smelt fog, and pine needles, and salty wind, and she put her padded feet gently on the earth, then liked it and romped around on it. Now she's a fixture at the Looma—and gets lint in her nose and nearly dies of sneezing.

"This morning she stood up and barked at a stranger.

"This afternoon she flirted with 'Brownie' Waldon, a town Pom, and had him running around in circles all hot and bothered at such a minx of a flirt.

"Miscan' is discovering the earth.

"Now watch her own it."

She still barks at strangers, and flirts and, of course, owns the earth.

Best wishes, Miss Fraser, on this most auspicious occasion, your tenth birthday.

+

Friends of Lucy Locket Whitman joyfully welcomed her back to the village after an absence of seven months. Locket spent most of the seven months in the hospital undergoing ear operations to remove a fox-tail sticker.

However, the dynamic little wire-haired is fully recovered now and is very busy assisting her mistress, Kitty Whitman, with the recently organized Carmel Art Institute.

+

That dusky young fellow from up the Valley who recently made his appearance here is Jiggity Kneam. The rotund Jiggity has a picturesque background, for he comes from the rancho of Jiggity Vasquez (after whom he was named) who was a sort of Robin Hood of the Valley. Jiggity is very pleased with Carmel and has spent the last few days going around with his master, Bill Kneam, getting acquainted.

Sally Plays Mouse With Old 'Cymbals' While Cat Is at the Circus

When he went to the circus the other afternoon (to take Oliver, he claimed, but he had an expectant look in his eye) he left us with the injunction to call up lots of people and get lots of personals. Well—we did, W. K.—but pretty soon we began to get a little restless under the harness and the sight of four blue-bound volumes became an irresistible temptation, which our infinitesimal amount of will power could not withstand.

When we started looking we found ourselves glad that we had so little will power, for they were CYMBALS of 1926 and 1927. The first thing we started reading, avidly, was a lot of controversy concerning Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted" which Ted Kuster put on here in 1927, and which he is planning to produce in San Francisco soon. It was nothing less than a sensation, with some violently opposed and others all for it.

We found that even in 1927, Susan Porter was enthralled audiences with her story telling. We found the Abalone League just starting out on its career, and a look at the line-ups showed that many of the same players are still on the teams then we found. Snik. Snik was a delightful rat who was always sick and, although he had a terrible disposition, we found ourselves skipping through pages rapidly to find his next comment. Of the tourists, Snik said:

Tourists in town
Gaze
Up and down
Gawk as they walk
Displays in each shop
Amaze
They all stop
They talk as they gawk
That vase!
This vase!
I am Snik
Their oh's and ah's
Just make me sick.

We found some wrangles about traffic buttons being put in the streets of Carmel, and we found out who the young blades about town were at that time and giggled, remembering having seen them Monday morning with middle-aged paunches beginning to show.

We discovered that some people wanted to make Carmel a Santa Cruz in 1927 and we said a little prayer because they didn't get their way. We found "The Ballad of Yukon Jake," written by Edward Paramore, Jr., one-time publicity director of Del Monte Properties Company, and it was a lot of fun reading it over because we had heard W. K. recite it once.

Although we were beginning to get a guilty feeling we stopped and read a continued story of seven chapters with each one written by a different person. The authors were Katherine Cooke, Rem Rem-

sen, Dorothy Woodward, Neb Lewis, Louise Walcott, Les Lecron and W. K. Bassett.

Gordy Campbell of the Carmel City Council was elected president of the student body of Monterey Union High School about this time, and the marriage of Hildreth Taylor and Dick Masten was announced. We found little items about many canines who have long since died, and came across the impressive name of Charles King Van Riper.

We read about "Hamlet" and Kay's, where everyone gathered then, and "Romeo and Juliet" and "R.U.R." and "Children of the Moon" and "Hay Fever" and the opening of the Golden State Theatre in Monterey.

We found a poem about Jimmie Doud who was leaving town and it was sort of sad because "he was so darned decorative and lucrative looking on Ocean avenue." Jimmie is still leaving the feminine population desolate over his departures.

We saw where By Ford had sung "I'm Just Wild About Animal Crackers," and found so many names of people gone and forgotten or gone and remembered or dead or still here and we saw a little Clanging Cymbal man who now belongs to Lynda, which brought us back with a bang to the fact that it was almost 5 o'clock and W. K. would come back from the circus and ask how many personals we'd

written and we'd have to say none. We couldn't quite face it. So we threw the top on the typewriter and hurried out of the office.

—SALLY FAY

+

MRS. FLANDERS GETS PRAISE FOR AQUATIC PARK PLAN

Here's a good reaction to the suggestion of Mrs. Paul Flanders in last week's CYMBAL on the possibilities of an aquatic park at the mouth of the river:

Dear Mrs. Flanders:

What a grand suggestion for the Carmel lagoon you have made. We have lived in many places from Cape Cod West and there is no place my four children more enjoy than that lagoon in June.

Here's hoping your ideas may materialize.

Sincerely yours,

EUGENIA M. FROST

April 24, 1938

WOMAN'S CLUB ELECTS NEW DIRECTORS MONDAY

The Carmel Woman's Club will hold its final season's meeting this Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at Pine Inn. Following the election of directors for the coming year, Dr. Francis Lloyd will show pictures of Carnivorous Plants.

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Two Views of the Recent Activities Of Persons Who Should Know Better

Following is a re-print from the Daily Californian, the University of California student newspaper. Joe Schoeninger, who wrote it, apparently thinks the disgraceful episode of Easter week was funny. The letter, also printed herewith, which accompanied the clipping from the Daily Californian in an envelope addressed to us, is an appropriate answer to young Joe whose home, by the way, and strange as it may seem, is Carmel.

Carmel-by-the-Sea, nestled at the foot of the Santa Lucia mountains made famous by Robinson Jeffers, played host to a motley crowd of Berkeley guys and gals last weekend.

Determined to take a breather before the onslaught of finals, hundreds of students sprawled on Carmel's dazzling beach and in local bars.

Everyone was there from Provost Monroe E. Deutsch to Crimahaw, '41.

Attired respectively in gabardine trunks and satin swim-suits, bronzed men and their babes walked hand in hand along seductive sand-dunes by the billowing sea. There was little thought of school-work.

Sale of beer and daiquiris at local tap-rooms, of course, hit a new high. Whole kegs of the foamy malt punctuated the sweep of the beach.

The business boom was not entirely in the liquid line. Hotel-keepers and cottage owners received fat little rent fees, and restaurants benefitted too, as some students went so far as to eat regularly. Liquor flowed, true, but so did coin.

Local merchants and realtors did a booming business those four beautiful days, and pretended they thought the art colony was going to the dogs.

Only a few students were run out of town, since Carmel sports nothing so plebeian as a jug. A number of traffic violators were nabbed, but in general the village dozed along in its usual dizzy (sic) pace.

The weather was great and the women's legs turned magenta.

After a couple of bromo-seltzers, everyone felt fine, and vowed they would punch ol' man Finals right on the snozzola.

—JOSEPH SCHOENINGER, JR.
In Daily Californian

Editor, THE CYMBAL:

I am enclosing a clipping from the Daily Californian April 20, 1938. It is self-explanatory.

Joe Schoeninger '39 may be proud of Carmel's Easter performance but I am sure that no other Carmelites were. The Daily Californian of Monday mentioned the fact that the Carmel beach was covered with beer cans during the Easter vacation. It is hard to see that publicity of that sort is going to be particularly helpful to Carmel in the future. But worse than unfortunate publicity is the truth back of the publicity.

I don't think that I am being unduly critical, or getting to the stage of senility where one talks of the sins of the younger generation, etc., but I think I shared the disgust of many other Carmelites who saw an endless chain of partially clad, and more than partially drunk University and High School students congregated about one or two bright spots on Ocean avenue. These bright spots may try to flaunt a metropolitan exterior—quite out of keeping with the tone of the village, but in plain English they are just good old-fashioned saloons that are getting our college and High School youngsters gloriously tight.

I hope that our newly-elected council, in which so much hope is centered, sponsored by the CYMBAL and by other intelligent sources, will show evidence of their intelligence when some of these flamboyant joints come up for new licenses after a bit. After all, Carmel isn't Coney Island and unless I am much mistaken, doesn't want a reputation of being a haven for drunken students.

Yours truly,

—WILLIAM HUMPHRIES

Oakland, April 20

Library Ready With List of New Books

The Carmel Library has acquired a lot of fine reading matter since the list was last published in THE CYMBAL. Included among the new non-fiction are such things as the following:

Botticelli, Venturi; Dry Guillotine, Belbenoit; Time and the Conways, Priestley; Mellows, Kennedy; Through the Gateway, Boeckel; Tsushima, Novikoff-Priboi; Memoirs of Sir Ronald Storrs, Storrs; Washoe Giant in San Francisco, Clemens; Grey of Fallodon, Trevelyan; Free Lance, Powell; The Goncourt Journals, Goncourt; R.F.D., Smart; Jean Sibelius, Ekman; Zola and His Time, Josephson; This One Mad Act, Forrester; Out of Africa, Dinesen; Composers of Today, Ewen; Westward, High, Dry and Low, Hogner; Your Money and Your Life, Seldes; I'd Rather Be Right, Hart and Kaufman, and The Summing Up, Maughan.

Among the new fiction is:

Wedding March, Ruck; Sporting Print, March-Phillips; The Sword and the Rose, Smith; Naval Odyssey, Woodroffe; Comanche Chaser, Coolidge; And One Was Beautiful, Miller; Ballade in G Minor, Boileau; Strangers, Oldfield;

The Great American Family, Shippey; Harken Unto the Voice, Werfel; Revolt on the Border, Campbell; Their Ships Were Broken, Wright; Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan, Morier; Strange Week-end, Borden; Lost Springtime, Dana; Elephant, Manning-Sanders; Starting Point, Day-Lewis; The Rising Tide, Farrell; Miss Bunclie Married, Stevenson; Once to Every Man, Lea; The Strumpet Sea, Williams; Celia, Young; Ship of the Line, Forester; Great Arguments, Gibbs; The Dark Horse, Walsh; Today Is Yours, Loring; Nobody's In Town, Ferber; Light of Other Days, Corbett; Dawn in Lyonesse, Chase; Is a Ship Burning, Sale, and A Prairie Grove, Peattie.

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Bardarson Will Talk at T.B. Conference

Otto W. Bardarson, newly-elected president of the Monterey County Tuberculosis Association, will speak at the meeting to be held this Wednesday, May 4, at 8 p.m. at the Jeffery Hotel in Salinas. Bardarson's talk on "Objectives for the Coming Year" will follow the report of the retiring president, Dr. F. Hilton Smith. Other new officers are Mrs. C. R. Christian of Pacific Grove, vice-president, and T. B. Joy of Salinas, treasurer.

Reports of the committee will be: Selection of part-time nurse and duties, Miss Natalie Clark.

Report on advisability of allotting sum yearly for trailer unit, Dr. R. M. Fortier.

Election or appointment of secretary.

Plans for fall meeting and dinner meeting.

"Health Education and Publicity," Alan Blanchard, publicity director, California Tuberculosis Association.

"Diagnosis and Treatment of Tuberculosis—X-Ray Interpretation," Dr. John C. Sharp, county medical and health director.

Membership in the T.B. Association is not required. Any person who is interested may attend the meetings.

+ + +

Filmarte Offers "Divorce of Lady X"

"The Divorce of Lady X," Alexander Korda's technicolor comedy, starring Merle Oberon, will begin a seven-day engagement at the Filmarte Theatre on Tuesday, May 3.

The film, which is Korda's first technicolor effort, also marks a double debut for Merle Oberon. It is not only the star's first color film but also marks her entrance into the comedy field. Laurence Olivier plays the young barrister and others in the cast are Binnie Barnes, Ralph Richardson and Morton Seltin.

Tim Whelan directed "The Divorce of Lady X" for release through United Artists.

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ROBLES DEL RIO NOW OPEN FOR VALLEY ENTHUSIASTS

The South Seas not being available last Sunday, when it was so rainy and cold and the only thing we wanted to do was to lie in the sun and bake, we decided to see what the valley had to offer our drooping spirits.

We found just what we wanted at Robles Del Rio. There is a heated and filtered tile swimming pool and lots of sunshine. And although we didn't have time for anything else there are saddle horses and ponies for children. There is badminton, archery, wingball, shuffle board, horseshoes, volley ball, ping-pong, hiking and dancing.

An attractive new cocktail room, overlooking the pool and valley, has just been opened, and there is a newly-furnished dining room with an indescribably wonderful view.

A peek into the newly-equipped kitchen made us wish we could have dinner there.

There are many new cottages and furnishings and a completely equipped office. The lodge is under the new management of Edward H. Stuart.

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STUDENT BODY GOVERNMENT

By OTTO W. BARDARSON

("Student Body Government" is the ninth in a series of articles by Otto W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset School, on the principles and techniques of the curriculum used at the school.—Ed.)

One of my first tasks on undertaking my duties as principal of the Sunset School ten years ago was to organize a student body association. The purpose of the association was to provide an opportunity for the boys and girls to participate in and to contribute to the operation of the school. It is my personal opinion that student government encourages cooperation, self-control, self-reliance, poise, and innumerable other desirable personality traits such as leadership, initiative, and responsibility.

Children in grades four to eight are eligible to membership in the student government. The executive council consists of the president, vice-president, secretary, business manager, and a representative from each class. The committee chairmen attend the bi-monthly meetings of the executive council at which time matters of import to the students are brought up and discussed. A member of the faculty and the principal act as advisers.

The Clean-Up Committee assumes responsibility for keeping the

grounds tidy and attractive in appearance. The work of this committee has a fine carry-over effect. The majority of the children hesitate to drop paper or refuse of any kind. The work of the children on this committee does not include work of a janitorial nature.

The members of the Lost and Found Committee gather articles that have been left on the playfield or turned into the office and take the articles to the classrooms for identification. Articles that are not identified are placed in the supply room until called for. Parents are urged to write the name of their child with India ink on a small piece of cloth and to sew the identification cloth on loose articles of clothing.

The Corridor Control Committee supervises the conduct of the children while they are passing through the corridors at the start and close of recess periods.

The Program Committee arranges for special assemblies subject to the approval of the principal.

The Traffic Committee directs and controls the traffic while children are crossing the traffic lanes during the rush periods. This committee operates under the supervision of the local police department.

The business manager appoints athletic managers, assists with the assembling and distribution of the school paper, takes charge of the paper drive, and helps when needed in carrying out special student body activities. The athletic managers are in charge of bats and balls and prepare the field for baseball games and for track.

The president of the student body is held responsible for the successful operation of the various committees. He also presides at the monthly student body meetings and tries to clarify and to bring to light matters of concern to the pupils.

The student body operates under a constitution and the meetings are conducted according to approved parliamentary procedure.

George Dorwart, the first Sunset School student body president, is now a graduate of California Tech and is taking work for an advanced degree.

The children have shown wisdom and fairness in their choice of officers. In the beginning officers were elected for the full year. Elections are now held each semester. The present student body officers are: Sean Flavin, president; Marilyn Strasburger, vice-president; Patricia Shepard, secretary; Richard Whitmer, business manager. Committee chairmen are: Dorothy DeAmaral, clean-up; Elise Beaton, lost and found; Marilyn Strasburger, corridor control; Charlotte Townsend, program; James Kelsey, traffic; Henrietta Erickson, publicity; Leona Ramsey, rainy-day entertainment; Avelline Quinn, class representative; Margot Coffin, Junior Red Cross.

The student body association has created a feeling of unity, has made it possible to stress effectively common ideals and objectives, and has made the children more conscious of their personal and social responsibilities.

The community is invited to attend the student meeting to be held at 11 a.m. Friday, April 29, in the Sunset School auditorium.

Judge McLaughlin Is In Race For Sheriff's Job

P. J. McLaughlin, Salinas Police Judge and long experienced as a peace officer and criminal investigator, has announced his candidacy for the office of sheriff of Monterey county. He entered the county race, he said, only after long con-



sideration and at the insistence of countless acquaintances.

McLaughlin will base his campaign on the platform that "without any additional cost than the present operating expenses of the Sheriff's Office of Monterey County, he will modernize that office; equip all automobiles with radio, keeping the deputies, local police and constable in direct contact with the office at all times while on the road; establish an up-to-date fingerprinting department in co-operation with both Federal and State Bureaus of Criminal Identification; wage a constant campaign against the users of narcotics and against the sale of such, as well as the growing of marijuana in Monterey County; co-operate with both the City and County Health Departments in their campaign against syphilis cases; give his closest attention to all juvenile department cases, cases with which he has a sympathetic, yet firm understanding; and co-operate fully with all City, State and Federal law enforcement agencies."

MACBETH'S CLOSING MEANS LOSS TO CARMEL

When Macbeth's closes its doors within a day or two, Carmel will lose one of its best-liked shops and

Linda Rooke-Ley will at last have time to leisure up comfortably in a deck chair somewhere in the valley where she has a house as charming as herself. We are glad that Linda is not going far away because the

proximity to Carmel will undoubtedly stir desires for tape measures, thimbles and threads, bolts of cloth and whatever else it takes to put together with Linda to make interior decorating the art that it is.



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'Cymbal' Will Help You Salve Your Soul By Showing Some Practical Gratitude For the N.Y. Philharmonic Concerts

With the playing of the Brunnhilde Immolation from the Gotterdammerung this coming Sunday afternoon, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra's broadcasting season will come to a close. I know that, for myself, when I cross my little quiet room three thousand miles away and turn the dial off, there will be again the same sadness I have felt when, walking with the sea of human regret around me out of Carnegie Hall, I have realized that the good winter was over and have frowned for a moment on April.

The blessing of hearing the orchestra in a remote place was once beautifully dramatized for me. I had arrived late at night at a ranch in the Nevada mountains, after trekking in the Peace River country amongst some of the world's most magnificent scenery. I woke in the morning to more scenery. I was bored with it. The dazzling lavenders and saffrons and pinks of the desert land; the inconceivability of the lazulite lake below; the eerie constant clouds seant on the horizon; this all strangely lacked. I was not amused with dude ranching. I sat at the ranch table at dinner that day and was pretty sick at the sight of a lot of dudes making fools of themselves over the cowboys in their Peck and Peck shirts and an old Indian who had been a Hollywood extra until fame and the firewater got him. I quite distinctly remember that the chicken was tough; then suddenly the world going to pieces. For in a second out of the blue—all that blue ten thousand feet in the air—came the utterly clear resonant miracle of my hometown band. Arturo Toscanini conducting.

For the four winters that I have been in Carmel I have treated the Sunday noon hours of twelve-to-two exactly as if I were back in Carnegie Hall. Except for the rather striking fact that I lie here on my bed with my breakfast tray and my cat; or stretch out in the patio in sun and shorts. Only those who can remain quiet are acceptable in my house during those hours. I can see the baton's dramatic opening pause, Mr. Piastra lifts his bow; and I am away from here. The immense symphony of our beautiful coast dribbles into no existence; my home is heaven; my heart beats its ecumenical stroke.

Now I know—for I have been buttonholing and lapelling people all over town this week, that there are a good many people in this musical town who regard the Sunday concert just as I do. I also know—for they have told me so—that most of them are guilty of the same mortifying ingratitude about the whole thing that I am. That, in brief, we have accepted this almost unbelievable largesse without giving anything in return for it.

It is always a matter of aghastment to me, the silly maxims that get currency. The man or woman who coined the phrase, "All the best things in life are free" was simply a goon. For the best things we pay always the high prices, though it is not always in coin of the realm.

Well, it is in the coin of the realm that we should pay for the privilege, those of us who use it, of listening for twenty-eight Sundays in the year to the indisputably best music in the world.

For the sake of the self-respect of the music lovers of a music-loving citizenry, I am hereby passing the hat for the benefit of the New York

Philharmonic Society.

I have written to ask the Society about the cost of radio memberships, and will let you know as soon as I do. But, aside from these memberships, I think there are many people in our village who cannot quite spare this—people who would like to give a dollar, a half dollar, a quarter—perhaps quietly and anonymously, as an earnest of their appreciation of what the music has done for them. People are already giving me small sums of money this way, eagerly. These are often the ones who, if they could, would so gladly write four-figure checks. For these, there will be a box on the counter of the Music Society at Thoburns; and one at Barnet Segal's office. There will also be W. K. dithering about the streets and Sally and Kathryn and me. Cross our palms with a little silver if you will.

For those who wish to pledge memberships, there will be the same facilities at the same places. Just write your name and address and the amount of your contribution on a slip of paper and drop it into the aforesaid boxes. Then I shall come and dun you with a furious dunning. A prominent member of the Music Society told me yesterday that every year when the Society broadcast its plea for funds she made a note of it on a slip of paper and then proceeded to go on with her daily routine and forget it. I, too, alas! And you?

Here in Carmel, there's music in the air. Our own lovely Music Society series is over and now the excitement of the Bach Festival is courante. We don't get these for nothing. Do you really think you deserved, free, Eugene List's performance of the Ravel Concerto last Sunday?

(As soon as the cost of Radio Memberships is ascertained, they will be posted beside the boxes; they will be published in next week's Cymbal. The last date for contributions will be May 31.)

—LYNDA SARGENT

NIELSEN BROTHERS BUY STEER; YOU GET THE SWELL MEAT

Harold Nielsen tried to get us down this week with the announcement that this week-end he will display a blue-ribbon prize steer at his market on Dolores street. He told us he had bought the steer from the Pacific Coast Livestock Show at South San Francisco. He further told us that it had been raised by boys not yet 18 years old, boys who belong to the Future Farmers of America and 4-H Clubs.

We checked up on Harold and we discovered that, true enough, he bought the prize blue-ribbon steer; that he bought it in San Francisco, and that the said boys had raised it. But we got him on the display of the animal. It's the meat that's to be on display—great, beautiful slabs of steaks and roasts—and in the new, immense refrigeration box the Nielsen Market has just installed. The Swift man, who was there when we were, says it's the latest thing in boxes and the surest for the perfect preservation of meat.

But the meat from the prize steer is yours for the purchase any time after 11 tomorrow morning, previous to which hour it will be for you to gaze at—in the big refrigeration box, and with the blue ribbon pinned sedately thereto. Nielsen says you'd better telephone to reserve your steaks and roasts from this steer and perhaps you better had.

Church Recipient Of Rich Gift

Members and friends of the Community Church were delightfully surprised on Easter morning to see that the Church had been the recipient of an attractive velvet curtain draped back of the altar and communion table. The addition of this rich-looking, deep purple hanging has considerably lifted the worshipful atmosphere of the sanctuary, centering the interest of the room and giving a harmonious background to floral decorations.

The church is indebted to the two daughters of an elderly mother in the church who passed away a little over a year ago. The gift was made to the memory of Mrs. E. G. Brooks, mother of Mrs. Clinton and Mrs. Willis Walker.

The church year is again drawing to a successful conclusion with large increases in interest all through the program. The annual meeting of the congregation, at which time Dr. J. L. Burcham will be present representing the Conference, will be held Tuesday evening, May 17, at a supper to be planned by the women of the church.

Further announcement of the program will be made next week.

The pastor's meditation theme for next Sunday morning will be "A Self-centered and a God-centered Faith."

+ + +

"CAMERA-LOOKS" IS UNIQUE BOOK OF CAMERA STUDIES

With photographs by Horace D. Lyon and the printing by the Carmel Press, "Camera-Looks at Carmel" is off the presses and in the shops. It contains 23 full-page "camera studies" of beautiful scenes in and around Carmel. Lyon has done wonderful things with his camera. His viewpoints, or where he set his tripod, are in most cases unique. The results are views never before available in photographs. Have you ever driven down the Ocean Avenue hill from Carpenter street and gasped and said to yourself: "That view of Carmel would make a marvelous picture." Lyon has it in his book for you. Carmel, sun-spotted at your feet, with the back-drop of the vertical ocean behind it. And there are 22 other pictures, all of them forming a complete picture that only a cameraman with a soul could get.

+ + +

Jessel Whyte, father of Happy Whyte, is on the Peninsula with the Wire Rope Manufacturers Association. During the convention he won the championship at golf, swimming, pingpong and tiddly-winx. He will spend the week-end with his Carmel kin, the Paul Flanders.

+ + +

Jean Heuck and Martha Millis of Mills and Bill Woon and Bob Kock of Stanford were house-guests last week-end at the home of Miss Glenna Peck, aunt of Miss Millis.

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Telephone Carmel 158

Mrs. Hal Bragg Writes To Tell Carmel Children About Joy Boy's Present Life

Dear Cymbal:

A note to explain the accompanying letter: I received it today from Mrs. Hal Bragg (N.D.B.), who asked me to give it to you. The little pony whose "plans" are related therein was a well-beloved friend to many children, who in their day rode around Carmel behind his rapid little feet. I think Joy Boy was all of 27 years old when he decided to set forth on his journey, and at least ten years of that full life were spent in Carmel.

—CAMILLA DANIELS

Dear Children:

Do you remember Joy Boy, our little black Shetland pony? Some of you are too young to have known him very well, but many of the grown-ups will remember him I am sure, and the lovely jouncey, bouncey rides we used to take around Carmel. Remember how we'd "post" when the cart went over the bumpiest places, or again—pile out and climb the hills coming up from the beach so that his little legs wouldn't be tired?

How you would laugh when he sneezed!—it was like a fairy's shower bath riding the wind. And wasn't it fun to look over the edge of the cart and watch his little feet go twinkling along the roads! Do you remember his shrill, impatient little whinny, and the way he would paw the earth with a tiny hoof when he wanted to go? And his ice cream cone at the end of the trip, that disappeared as if by magic in just one delicious scrunch?

And how one Christmas Eve he drew a very big Santa Claus into town, with a bag of gifts?

For a long while the world hasn't seemed very interesting to a Shetland pony with ideas. The fences of winter were so high. And there were so many winters. And one day our Joy Boy decided to run away, beyond all the fences in the world, where the grass is always green.

So he went. And should it be

that on his road he meets little children whose voices, and lumps of sugar are as sweet as yours used to be, and their pats as gentle, he will probably decide to stay right on.

Like a tiny Pegasus, may his flight be swift and true, and may a great Giver of Oats in tenderness receive him. Then, with flying mane, may he go galloping down the wind, through reaches fragrant with celestial clover, until, at long last, on little dancing, prancing feet, he shall come into green pastures, beside the still waters—little Joy Boy—forever.

I thought, because you had known and loved him too, you would like to know his plans.

—N. D. B.

+ + +

Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

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CARMEL'S
SMART
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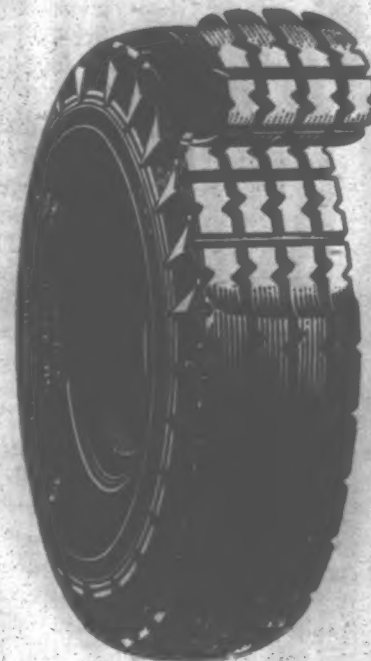


Spiffy
Tap Room

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BREAKFAST
LUNCH AND
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Economically speaking a tire's true worth is judged by the number of miles it gives per dollar. Wise tire buyers know that the Seiberling Air-Cooled tire wears longer at a lower ultimate cost than any other tire on the highway.

Its patented Air-Cooling principle with its Two Tread feature assures you of a TREAD THAT NEVER WEARS SMOOTH! When the first tread wears off the second appears to guard you against the slick tire menace that has cost so many lives.

SEE THEM TODAY!

Come in today, bring your car to our store and let us show you this long-wearing Seiberling Air-Cooled tire. You tell us what you think your old tires are worth and if your proposition is at all reasonable we will allow you what you ask as a trade-in allowance on new Two-Tread Seiberlings.

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Council Moves for Adoption of New Zoning Law That Will Really Work

on this ordinance and the effective manner in which you have done it. We want you to know that we deeply appreciate it."

(Suffering smoke, what kind of a council is this, anyway? That's no way to conduct city affairs, Bert. The last city council taught us you must be arrogant and high-hat. You talk as though you were just an ordinary citizen.)

Whereupon Heron, in opening the council chamber, notes Bob Leidig, until recently laid low with a broken shoulder, seated in the lobby.

"We see Fire Chief Leidig in the room," he said. "We are glad he is back and welcome him. He has served our city long and well."

(This guy Heron gets worse all the time.)

Whereupon Heron goes on:

"The council wishes to silence rumors about the city. No changes are contemplated in the personnel of the city employees and officers. None will be removed except for just cause and for the good of the city. We contemplate no action relieving any officer of his position. As long as city affairs are conducted properly there will be no changes."

The mayor then asked for reports from commissioners.

Gordon Campbell, commissioner of fire and water, said that he had been making a study of fire department affairs, but as yet had no report to make.

Drainage Problem Up Again

Clara Kellogg, commissioner of streets, brought up a few matters held over from the old council. She reported that culverts were ready to convey flood waters through the gulch at the foot of Fourth to the ocean, but that before installation she desired that all members of the council look over the situation. Thursday afternoon the council will meet to survey the drainage problem from First and Carpenter to the ocean. A detailed plan for handling this troublesome drainage has been made by H. F. Cozzens, county surveyor, employed by the city, and this will be studied by the council.

Eleanor Yates, in a communication, asked that an acacia tree on city property on Ocean avenue, just west of Casanova, be trimmed to stop injury to an oak on her property. The street superintendent was instructed to trim it as requested and at 8:22 Tuesday morning Bill Askew and his gang were then doing it.

A communication from Margaret Grant hoped that some action could be taken by the city to prevent semi-nude men from entering restaurants and taking the appetite of customers away. This was received with mixed emotions, but Mayor Heron said there was no law in Carmel relative to how much clothing a person could wear. He said the publicity Carmel would get by trying to regulate the thing would not be the kind the city wants.

Bechdolt, as commissioner of police, read his report on solutions of the police and beach-litter problems and it was a honey. We print it elsewhere in THE CYMBAL this week. He said that definite action must be taken before the Memorial Day holiday, and the council agreed with him.

Heron went haywire again and complimented Bechdolt on the comprehensive report. He said that the city had been caught unawares by this college student invasion and that it must be prepared in the future.

In discussing his report Bechdolt

said that obviously the police could not handle the situation. He said it is not a question of competent police, but that no police could handle it; that the combination of traffic jams and depredations on the beach and elsewhere by the horde of inconsiderates made the situation one with which the police could not cope.

"Frankly," he said, "The outside world is beginning to think that anything goes in Carmel. We'll have to change this opinion, and we will. The liquor situation is one of the big troubles. I know that there are bartenders in this city who will give a man a drink as long as he is able to reach into his pocket to pay for it. I know of cases where drink has been carried out of tap rooms here and drunk on running boards of automobiles at the curb. These violations of the law must be stopped."

Says Police Powerless

"But the police are powerless to make wholesale arrests. We have no place to put offenders. A police officer must take every arrested person to Monterey. In the case of a misdemeanor he cannot very well handcuff his prisoner and generally the prisoner is drunk. I would not want to take the risk of driving an unhandcuffed, drunken prisoner over the hill to Monterey in an automobile. I do not blame the police for not doing it."

"Then it takes time. If a policeman arrests four men, and he could have arrested many more than that two weeks ago, the Monterey trip would take him off duty here for four hours during the day. I believe the police are doing the best they can under the circumstances. We must have a 'lock-up' here and we can stop this nonsense."

It was at this point that Bechdolt was instructed to have the police warn tap room owners and threaten action if the law is not obeyed.

Mayor Heron then brought up the matter of divorcing the tax collector duties from those of the chief of police.

He said: "It is self-evident that qualifications which make for a good chief of police are not the best qualifications for a tax collector." This was accepted in amused silence. Thomas J. Hefling, present deputy tax collector, was characterized as a "one hundred per cent efficient city officer," but the matter of separating the two offices was laid over for further consideration.

At this point E. A. H. Watson brought up the matter of surveys of the police departments and of the traffic situation. He said that he thought the cost of such surveys, by qualified police and traffic authorities, would be money well spent if we could get a comprehensive and intelligent report on what we have, should have and need to solve two of our major problems.

"We're too close to the picture," Watson said. "We need somebody from the outside to see our situation clearly."

The council agreed and Bechdolt was instructed to get data on such surveys and their cost.

The discussion here shifted back to the need of a city jail and it was reported that Monterey had offered us cell equipment free of charge. If the jail is established it will probably be on the city yard at Seventh and Mission.

"We simply have to make Carmel a decent place in which to live," Mayor Heron said, and Bechdolt suggested that as we are going there may occur a tragedy that Carmel could not live down in many years.

Schroeder Reports Backing

Jack Schroeder of the local real estate brokers' association, reported on a meeting of his organization in regard to the recent ravages of outsiders on the beach and elsewhere, and said that the real estate brokers stand behind the council in any action that can be taken to solve the problem.

"Many blame the real estate brokers, and house-renters for the trouble, but we are doing all we can to keep undesirable people from obtaining houses," Schroeder said. "We are heartily in accord with the council attitude toward preventing further trouble."

Captain J. Shelburn Robison, president of the Carmel Business Association, told of the association's efforts to have sufficient receptacles for refuse put on the beach.

In answer to an inquiry by the council, Corum Jackson, chairman of the park and playground commission, reported that there are now seven such receptacles that cost \$300, but that many more are needed. He said also that in the park and playground budget was provision for an all-time caretaker on the beach. Action on the employment of such a man will probably be taken at the next meeting of the council.

An ordinance was passed temporarily permitting churches in the residence section so that the Christian Science Church may go ahead with necessary improvements to enlarge the church auditorium. When the work is completed the ordinance will be revoked.

An ordinance establishing a budget system was presented by City Attorney Hudson and adopted on first reading. It provides that previous to the fixing of the tax levy each July all department and individual officials of the government present estimates of needs for the year to the city clerk which, in turn, will be submitted to the council.

In the matter of an ordinance stipulating that the Carmel Beach shall remain in its pristine, undisturbed beauty for all time, City Attorney Hudson reported that in order to frame a law which could be revoked only by the people, the law itself must first come from the people. It is necessary, he said, that a petition signed by about 200 citizens be presented to the council, asking for such an ordinance. Then, without a vote of the people, it could be adopted and could never be taken off the books except by a vote of the people.

Corum Jackson's report that the park and playground commission has resisted all appeals of individuals for life-guards, life-ropes, etc., on the beach, was given hearty approval of the council.

"We feel that if we start that we go into the beach business and will get ourselves into trouble, to say nothing of beginning something that might end in another Santa Cruz," he said.

"So do we," said the council. And so to bed, until Wednesday night, May 4.

You'd better come along up. It's a swell council.

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J. MARTIN STRAITH CARMEL REAL ESTATE PARTNER

J. Martin Straith, who has just joined Betty Jean Newell in partnership in the new firm of Newell and Straith, has a record behind which we challenge you to beat. Here it is:

Straith spent a night here several weeks ago, being on some kind of trip from Victoria, B.C., where he was permanently set up . . . or so it seemed . . . until he saw Carmel.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

4-BEDROOM STUCCO home within half block of beach. Unobstructed marine view. 2 lots. Beautiful garden. Enclosed patio. \$12,500. **BOSTICK AND WOOD.** Ocean and San Carlos. Telephone 70. (16)

REAL ESTATE WANTED

I HAVE \$2,000 with which to buy a Carmel cottage. What have you to offer? Address Box L-23, Cymbal Office, Carmel. (17)

HOUSES TO RENT

\$50 MONTH on year's lease. 2 bedroom home. Completely furnished. In the 80 Acres. **NEWELL AND STRAITH**, 8th and Dolores. Telephone 303. (17)

UNFURNISHED 2 bed-room house. Carmel Woods. Walking distance to town. Sunny. \$40 month. **GLADYS R. JOHNSTON.** Tel. 98. (17)

ATTRACTIVE 3-ROOM furnished cottage. Mountain View. After May 4. Box 564. Telephone 1215-W. (17)

ROOMS TO RENT

ATTRACTIVELY furnished room. Gas heater. Light housekeeping. Garage. Phone Carmel 1168-W. (19)

PLACE TO LIVE WANTED

TWO BEDROOM, clean house, with garage, near Sunset School, by couple and child 13. Furnished, unfurnished. \$20 to \$25. Permanent. Write fully. Fred Tarrant, 1280 University avenue, Berkeley. (17)

FOR SALE

1937 CHEVROLET DE LUXE touring. Carmel 468-W. (17)

MATTRESSES, box springs and day-ports re-made or repaired. We specialize on inner-spring mattresses. Monterey Mattress Shop. Tel. 3785. P.O. Box 568. (15)

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RCA Pickup to combine radio with phonograph. Very special, \$11.90.

USED RADIOS—Consoles and Table Models, \$6.95 up.

USED RCA Combination, originally \$145, now \$69.90. In perfect condition.

PIANOS—Used, \$39.90.

RECORDS—such as Brahms Symphony No. 2, originally \$12 the set, now \$6.90. Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 4, No. 6, each originally \$10, now \$5.90.

LIAL'S MUSIC SHOP

Located at the head of Alvarado Street in Monterey. Phone 5333

LOST AND FOUND

LIBBY IS LOST. Oliver has lost one of his prize pigeons. It is black and white with a white head. He calls it Libby because it looks so stylish. Did it get into your pigeon cote? If so, telephone Oliver at Carmel 702. (17)

WANT TO SELL

Household Goods

TWO ORIENTAL RUGS for trade or sale. Antique glass pieces. Fine old dresser. All in my home. Dorothy Chapman, Santa Fe near Ocean or P. O. Box 716. (18)

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

HAVE YOU A COMPLETE set of Anthony Trollope? A lady in Carmel who sits in one chair all day would like to borrow it book by book. She will take perfect care of each book, and someone will call for and return them. Telephone 702. (17)

PARTNER WANTED—Would you like to enter a refined, dignified and permanent business in Carmel? An opportunity awaits an educated woman or man with \$500 which will be fully secured. Particulars only in personal interview. References exchanged. Address Box L-24, Cymbal Office. (18)

By morning he had convinced Mrs. Straith that Carmel was to be their future home. And, on top of that, a few days more he was convinced that she should bring her mother down from Walla Walla, Washington. So he made an historic telephone call, the result of which was that Mrs. Frank A. Moore moved out of Walla Walla (and Walla Walla is a nice place too) and came to Carmel two days later. Both families are permanently settled here.

And Straith has now turned his talents to the real estate business for which he obviously has a genius.

Newell and Straith will continue in the same office at Eighth and Dolores where Betty Jean Newell has been established.

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ONE FULL WEEK

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Exclusive Engagement

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The Divorce of Lady X

A COMEDY IN TECHNICOLOR

with **LAURENCE OLIVIER** and

BROOK BARNES • RALPH RICHARDSON • MORTON SMITH

Directed by **TIM WHLAN** • RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

Kuster's Play Gets Big Hand In Magazine

Ted Kuster and his Golden Bough Theatre in San Francisco is getting a lot of mighty good publicity for his little theater and much coveted praise for his productions.

In a recent issue of the San Francisco News-Letter appeared this quite swell comment:

"... a San Francisco Civic Theatre is Just Around The Corner... it is heartening to observe—after many months of revisiting Little Theatres to see if San Francisco had a potential project which could serve as a shove-off spot for such a show scheme—that at last we have a non-professional playhouse worthy of the town whose tradition is its inheritance. Yes, it's the Golden Bough—a while ago referred to on this page, with some severe reservations—as perhaps just that project.

"Edward Kuster has presented this week Elmer Rice's crack character comedy 'Counsellor-at-law,' a play so familiar that even a fairly good job of it might still breed contempt... But 'Counsellor-at-Law' was topnotch from top to bottom. It offers opportunity for such diversity of characterization, and there wasn't a weak spot in Kuster's cast..."

Ted, in pridefully displaying it to us, reported that he plans to produce Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted" beginning May 9.

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Frances Wardner is spending six weeks in Portland with her mother.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Dunlap will leave tomorrow for a two weeks' vacation at Napa.

Carmel People Meet Haight

Quite a personable man, who aspires to be governor of California, was introduced to a score of representative citizens of the Peninsula last Friday at San Carlos Hotel in Monterey. He was, and is, Raymond L. Haight, and he was and is about the most convincing speaker the assembled group readily admitted they had ever heard. It was the consensus that Governor Merriam, Lieut. Governor Hatfield and Senator Olson will have to be unusually and unexpectedly good to down the Haight enthusiasm created by the man himself last Friday. Haight is not an orator, but you are compelled to listen to him with undivided attention. He says something in every sentence. He gives you the decided impression that he knows what he is talking about. That he knows the government of the state of California, and what is principally the matter with it, you are left with no doubt at all. It is evident that this year he will make a vigorous campaign and the conviction is growing throughout the state that right now he has the best chance to win.

Those from Carmel who lunched with Haight included Mayor Herbert Heron, James L. Cockburn, Arthur T. Shand, Marian Shand, W. K. Bassett, Dorothea Bassett, Eugene A. H. Watson, Doris Watson, Bernard Rowntree and Councilman Gordon Campbell.

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NEXT ART GALLERY EXHIBIT TO BE OF WATERCOLORS

The next show at the Carmel Art Gallery will be in watercolors and all work must be in by tomorrow night. The pictures must be framed and under glass.

GIRL SCOUTS GIVE 'CONGO' AT BEACH PARTY

The effective presentation of the "Congo" by members of Carmel Troop No. 2 placed Vachel Lindsay's poem in the position as a fa-

vorite for an evening campfire program. The occasion was the Peninsula-wide beach party at Carmel beach last Saturday afternoon. The Girl Scouts who presented the poem were Laurel Bixler, Elise Beaton,

Charlotte Townsend, Jane Elizabeth Clark, and Margo Coffin. Girl Scout troops from Carmel, Pacific Grove, Monterey, Del Monte and Seaside attended the party.

Cymbal Classified Ads Pay—

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In The Sunshine

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 29

7 p.m. to 11 p.m.

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ATTRACTIVE
NEW COCKTAIL ROOM
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Tiled, Heated Swimming Pool • Saddle Horses
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TODAY AND TOMORROW MORNING

IN OUR NEW, MODERN REFRIGERATION BOX
GUARANTEEING PERFECT CARE OF MEAT

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